

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A RUSE TO SAVE THE FORT

(Original.)

You want to hear how Fort N. was saved from massacre by Indians, do you? Well, I can tell you since I was there.

Fort N. was a blockhouse, a store and a few dwellings. The Apaches came down so suddenly that we had no time to prepare. We divided between the blockhouse and the store. There were several thousand dollars' worth of goods, including provisions, in the store, besides ammunition, which it wasn't advisable to let the Indians have. The building stood about 200 yards from the blockhouse, and a path had been worn between the two. I was in the blockhouse with the eight men and the women and children. There were seven men in the store. This comprised all the people in the place. The division of force was all right, but the division of ammunition was all wrong. That in the fort had been suffered to run low. There was plenty in the store, but no time to move it. You see, a man came galloping in to give warning, and ten minutes later down came the Indians.

It was about noon when the attack began, and by 4 o'clock there wasn't a pound of powder left to us in the blockhouse. We had kept up our spirits till we learned of the deficiency, several of the women doing good service at the loopholes and altogether making it so hot for the red devils that they didn't dare make a rush across the open. But when the ammunition gave out we were seized with a sudden fright. I'll admit that my mind got to the butcherery of the women and children that was sure to come, and I couldn't get it off. There was but one thing to do—some one must make a run for the store and a run back with ammunition. Of course there wasn't one chance in ten of his getting through either way, but he might make the out trip even if he had to drag himself in with bullet holes in him and tell them what we needed. Signal! Great Scott! Don't you suppose the Indians would understand a signal? And when they did that would be the end of us.

Well, we had two brothers in the place, the Gordons. They kept the store. Jim Gordon was with us in the blockhouse with the Gordon women and children, and John was at the store. John was the husband and father. Jim was a bachelor. John trusted Jim with his family while he looked after the property. Jim Gordon was a perfect deer at running and had practiced a zigzag motion on purpose to dodge Indians and their fire. He volunteered to try a run for the store. He started just at dark, when a mist was rising from the ground. There was a rainfall of lead poured at him, but he had made half the distance before he fell. The darkness came on, and we knew for certain the Indians would steal up and get poor Jim.

During the night we were at the mercy of the redskins if they had only known it. I made up my mind to try a skulk through to the store, for we felt sure the attack would be renewed at daylight. Soon after midnight I crawled out and got over some twenty yards when I saw the dark forms of Indians keeping watch between the two wings of our little army. I crept to the left to circumvent them and had made a considerable distance when down in a depression in the ground a party of them suddenly lighted a fire, and near by, bound to a tree, I saw poor Jim Gordon. He wasn't dead, but was as white as a corpse. The Indians blocked the way I was going, so I turned, but found them everywhere, and finally, coming to a clump of thick bushes, I lay concealed. There wasn't much chance of my getting through, and I confess the sight of Jim Gordon rather took the starch out of me.

I lay hidden till daylight, and the Indians then began to make preparations for a rush. It was plain they were going to attack the blockhouse, possibly because they had divined from Jim Gordon's attempt that the garrison was in need of something. Just as they were about to start a figure came from the store and walked very slowly toward the Indians, who were mostly located near the tree to which Jim Gordon was secured. One or two shots were fired at the figure without apparent effect. The chief then stopped any more shooting. Perhaps he thought a messenger was coming to bring a surrender. I was wondering at the slow, ghostlike movement of the advancing figure when I noticed a commotion among the Indians. Several of them ran and looked at Jim Gordon, then ran back to stare at the figure, which I could now see was white as ashes in the face. Then one after another the Indians started back, apparently terror-stricken, and by the time the spectral figure had come near enough for me to distinguish who it was nearly all of them had fled.

You may be sure I wondered what it was that made them get away so fast. An Indian isn't such a fool as to be duped simply by a man playing ghost. When I saw that the figure was John Gordon it was all explained. I told you that John and Jim Gordon were twins, didn't I? No? Only brothers? Well, they were twins, sure enough, and could scarcely be told apart. The Indians concluded that John was the ghost or double of Jim, and as they are fearfully superstitious they didn't dare raise a ride against the counter-part.

Jim was unbound and eventually recovered. It turned out that when John saw his brother trying to reach the store he surmised what it was for. Knowing the superstition of the Indians, he resolved as a forlorn hope to personate his brother's ghost. He took a big chance and saved his family and all the rest.

EMERY STONE TORBUT.

ALL HAIL THE COW.

Eloquent Tributes to Great Foster Mother of the Human Race.

The cow was the subject of enthusiasm at the New York state dairymen's convention held in Ogdensburg. In his address of welcome Mayor Hall declared that butter and cheese are the controlling powers of the universe. All the speakers following Mr. Hall paid tribute to the dairy, and ex-Governor W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin wound up the day's programme with an apotheosis of the cow.

Said he: "To preach the gospel according to the cow is no small matter. Every man must be educated to understand so far as he can the great producer of the country, the cow, than which there is no deeper constructive mystery. The cow is the great foster mother of half the human race, and she should be approached reverently, lovingly, with a tender heart and a sympathetic mind."

He spoke eloquently on the maternity of the cow and compared her to the human mother. He begged his auditors to have greater respect for the cow and to give her more careful treatment, placing on one plane manhood, womanhood, cowhood.

Mrs. Hoar Dies in Washington.
Washington, Dec. 26.—Ruth Miller Hoar, wife of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, died suddenly last night at her home in this city of angina pectoris. Senator Hoar, the family physician and Miss Patterson, a friend, were with her when she died. Mrs. Hoar had been in poor health for some time, but an improvement in her condition had been noted recently, and her sudden demise caused a great shock to her family and friends. The body will be taken to Worcester for burial. Mrs. Hoar prior to her marriage was Miss Ruth A. Miller, daughter of a well known New England family, and was the senator's second wife.

Hogs and Deer.
Hogs have a love for mash and beer from the stillhouses. It is a well known fact that in running down and locating illicit stills in the mountain districts the revenue officers are frequently aided in their work by watching the hogs, the razorbacks, sniffing the mash for a distance of two miles.

ROOSEVELT'S COLLEGE DAYS.

President's Career at Harvard Described by Jacob Riis.

INSTANCES OF HIS STRENUOUSITY.

Boxing Bout With Fellow Students, Says the Author, Proved Him a Vigorous Athlete—How He Beat a Man With a Reputation as a Fighter—Skipping the Rope One of His Exercises.

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"He became instantly a favorite with his class of one hundred and seventy odd," says Jacob Riis in the Outlook, writing about Theodore Roosevelt's career at Harvard.

"They laughed at his oddities, at his unexpressed enthusiasm, at his liking for Elizabethan poetry, voted him 'more or less crazy' with true Harvard conservatism, respected him highly for his scholarship on the same solid ground and fell in even with his notions for his own sake, as afterward some of them fell in behind him in the rush up San Juan hill, leaving lives of elegance and ease to starve with him in the trenches and do the chores of a trooper in camp under a tropical sun."

"It is remembered that Theodore Roosevelt set Harvard to skipping the rope, a sport it had abandoned years before with knickerbockers, but it suited this student to keep up the exercise as a means of strengthening the leg muscles, and rope skipping became a pastime of the class of '80. In the gymnasium they wore red stockings with their practice suits. Roosevelt had happened upon a pair that were striped a patriotic red and white, and he wore them, at first to the amazement of the other students. He did not even know that they had attracted attention, but when some one told him he laughed and kept them on. It was what the legs could do in the stockings he was there to find out."

"Twenty years after I heard a policeman call him a dude when he walked up the steps of police headquarters, New York, with a silk sash about his waist, something no man had been known to wear in Mulberry street in the memory of the oldest there, and I saw the same officer looking after him down the street as long as he was in sight the day he went and turn back with a sign that made him my friend forever. 'There won't such another come through that door again in my time, that there won't.' And there did not. The old man is retired long since."

"He joined the exclusive 'Pork' club and forthwith smashed all its hallowed traditions and made the Porcellian blood run cold by taking his fiancée to luncheon where no woman ever trod before. He simply saw no reason why a lady should not lunch at a gentlemen's club, and when the shocked bachelor minds of the 'Pork' club searched the horizon for one to confront him with they discovered that there was none. Accordingly the world still stood, and so did the college."

"He played polo, did athletic stunts with the fellows and drove a two wheeled gig badly, having no end of good times in it. When he put on the boxing gloves he hailed the first comer with the more delight if he happened to be the champion of the class, who was twice his size and beef. The pomeling that ensued he took with the most hearty good will, and though his nose bled and his glasses fell off, putting him at a disadvantage, he refused grimly to cry quarter and pressed the fight home in a way that always reminds me of that redoubtable Danish sea fighter, Peter Tordenskjold, who kept up the fight, firing powder dinner plates and mugs from his one gun, when on his little smack there was left but a single man of the crew, 'and he wept.' Tordenskjold killed the captain of the Swedish frigate with one of his mugs and got away. Roosevelt was bested in his boxing matches often enough; but, however superior, his opponents bore away always the impression that they had faced a fighter."

"But the battle was not always to the strong in those days. I have heard a story of how Roosevelt beat a man with a reputation as a fighter, but not, it would appear, with the instincts of a gentleman. I shall not vouch for it, for I have not asked him about it. But it is typical enough to be true except for the wonder how the fellow got in there. He took, so the story runs, a mean advantage and struck a blow that drew blood before Roosevelt had got his glove on right. The bystanders cried 'foul,' but Roosevelt smiled one of his grim smiles."

"I guess you made a mistake. We do not do that way here," he said, offering the other his gloved hand in formal salutation as a sign to begin hostilities. The next moment his right shot out and took the man upon the point of the jaw, and the left followed suit. In two minutes he was down and out. Roosevelt was 'in form' that day. All the fighting blood in him had been aroused by the unfairness of the blow. I have seen him when his blood was up for good cause once or twice, and I rather think the story must be true. If I were to fight him and wanted to win I should shun a foul blow as I would the pestilence. I am sure I would not run half the risk from the latter."

Plan to Stop Auto Searching.
The Farmers' Automobile League has been organized in Illinois to stop searching, which has resulted in many serious accidents to property and persons.

SALT LAKE EVAPORATION.

Artificial Means Necessary to Preserve Utah's Natural Wonder.

An interesting question has been taken up of late by the hydrographic bureau of the United States geological survey in connection with the apparent drying up of Salt Lake in Utah, says a Washington dispatch. The level of the lake is gradually falling because of the evaporation and the diminishing supply of drainage water, due either to a change of climate or the denudation of the mountains by the lumbering industry.

The level of the water in the lake has fallen six feet in the last decade, and the rate of fall seems to be gradually increasing. The building by the Southern Pacific of the Lucin cut-off has suggested that the area of the lake might be reduced and the smaller body of water preserved at its former level for the next half century at least. That the lake can be saved from ultimate evaporation to a very small body of water seems to be impossible unless some artificial means is resorted to.

The Lucin cut-off would return to desert one-third the area of the lake, or about 7,000 square miles. This part of the lake receives no important streams, and no question of injury to climate or to private interests would stand in the way of putting the plan into execution. If the water in the further one-third of the lake is turned into the part of the lake south and east of the cut-off the added volume of water would raise the level of the smaller lake about five feet. This would assure the people of the region of the beneficial influence of the lake on the climate and continue its enjoyment as a watering place. The receding of the water has of late made it necessary to move large buildings used by visitors half a mile into the edge of the lake. The Lucin cut-off is practically a dam as now constructed. The cost of completing it for the purpose of draining the north end of the lake would not be great.

FORGOT HIS WOODEN LEG.

Absentminded Customer Left It in a Kansas City (Mo.) Savings Bank.

Lots of funny things are left by the carelessly disposed in queer places, but about the oddest find of this sort recorded recently is that of Will Webb, cashier of the Missouri Savings bank, who was, until it was called for, the unwilling custodian of a man's wooden leg, which the owner had left on the bank's counter, says the Kansas City Journal.

"He came in the other day," said Mr. Webb, "and left an elongated package on the counter when he departed. When it was noticed and brought to me, it seemed heavy, so in the hope of ascertaining its ownership I opened it, only to find that it was a wooden leg! You can imagine my surprise."

"My first thought was, How could the man have walked away if he left his leg here? But then I remembered that it was wrapped up and concluded that he must have been wearing an old one. So I put it away until I could trace the ownership. Sure enough, next day in came a man who asked the teller if he had left his leg here the day before. The teller was startled, but managed to refer the man to me, and I soon put him in possession of his extremity."

"Lots of funny things are left here. Up to then the queerest were a clarinet, on which I couldn't play, and a woman's petticoat, which I couldn't wear. Both were called for later on."

A HARD WINTER SIGN.

Connecticut Farmer Bases His Prediction on Hog's "Belt."

"You'll find we are to have an unusually long winter this time and that before it has passed there will be some 'rip snorting' cold days. They'll come in the latter part of January or early in February, and when they come you'll think that a large part of the Klondike has been handed out to you. Yes, you can laugh, but it doesn't feaze me. I have only butchered one hog, my own. That was enough." So spoke Fred Larabee of Marion, Conn., says a Southampton dispatch to the Springfield Union.

Mr. Larabee is known hereabout as a Wiggins when it comes to prognosticating cold weather. He does it by a part of a hog's anatomy called the belt.

He says he doesn't know what part the belt plays in a hog's life, but "it's a corking good guide to a man who can read it and wants to know what the winter has in store for him and his wood pile."

All Invited.

The Rev. P. S. Henson, formerly pastor of the First Baptist church of Chicago, later of the Hanson Place Baptist church of Brooklyn, and who has accepted a call to Tremont temple, Boston, recently lectured in Springfield, Mass., and one of the foremost pastors in the city was asked to announce the lecture from the pulpit. "This is the way the pastor made the announcement, says the Boston Post: 'The Rev. Dr. Henson will lecture on 'Fools' in the State Street Baptist church on Wednesday evening, and I trust a great many will attend.'"

A New Amusement.

One of the features of Sunday and holiday dinners at the Hotel Normandie in Detroit is singing by the Clipper quartet, the singers sitting at a table in the dining room in full dress and singing between courses, says the Detroit News. "But it has its drawbacks," said Landlord Roe. "The other evening the singing made such a hit that people took twice the ordinary length of time for their dinner, while others were waiting for their seats. Finally I slipped over to the quartet and told them to sing 'The Vacant Chair.'"

MONEY IN SILK CULTURE.

Dr. Bedloe's Views on Its Propagation in America.

SOIL AND CLIMATE FAVORABLE.

Well Known Orientalist, Back From Japan, Tells How the Silk Industry Can Be Followed by Farmers of Limited Means—No Great Outlay For Plant or Stock Necessary—Japan's Views on American Movement.

Dr. Edward Bedloe, the well known orientalist, who recently returned to Washington from Japan, where he investigated the silk culture with special reference to its introduction and propagation in the United States, says:

"The people of the United States consume practically half of the world's silk output, and it means an enormous gain to us if we can keep this money in the country. We have made a few attempts in a small way to grow silk, but it is well worth the greatest effort. We have not yet tried seriously. We want to give our home farmers and manufacturers the benefit of that immense trade if we can, and we are the people to do it."

"In the middle and southern states and on the Pacific slope we have all the most favorable varieties of climate and soil—in fact, we have conditions far superior to the rest of the world for growing the mulberry and cultivating all the best species of silkworm by the best methods."

"The early settlers of Pennsylvania and other of the original states gave much attention to silk culture, but other pursuits have rather crowded it out. Now, by the aid of the government, the industry is being revived in several sections of the country. Results of careful and systematic experiments, conducted on the most practical and scientific basis by the department of agriculture, have demonstrated the possibilities and given some tangible idea of profits to the American farmer. 'A family can make more money in eight weeks in silk culture than the same family would make in a whole year by raising a crop of cotton. The farmer may still have the cotton crop and add the silk to it without inconvenience. One does not interfere with the other. Mulberry trees, the leaves of which form the natural and only food of the silkworms, can be grown along the fences of the cotton fields and in odd corners of the farm to provide for the worms. There is involved no great outlay for plant or stock for the production of raw silk."

"It is a business in which the farmer of limited means may engage as well as his wealthy neighbor, and there is no practical possibility of market prices ever coming down so as to cut profits close. There is always a very small margin, more than in most crops. Moreover, the silk industry can be made a side issue, as it were, to be attended to by the wife and children, like the poultry rearing."

During Mr. Bedloe's stay in Yokohama the Japan Gazette published an article in reference to his visit and investigation, of which the following is an extract:

"There is at present a movement in the United States to compete with Japan in silk culture, which is one of the principal sources of this country's revenue. America is a wealthy country to have a rival in anything and has shown sufficient power to materially affect some of the big industries of Great Britain."

"There was a time when the United States had to depend chiefly on Great Britain for iron and steel and many other manufactured goods, but the vigorous protectionist policy of the Americans has made a vast change."

"Some of the southern states have for years competed in the rice growing business, and America bids fair to attain in course of time a position of pre-eminence in that as in corn and flour. 'If now she is to do the same with silk it will be a far more serious matter to Japan than the absolute loss of Korea could be. It would not profit Japan to dominate half the territory of Asia and lose all her trade. Her silk is more to her than her continental ambitions. The menace of her staple industry is a greater danger than the Russian.'"

Telegrams.
The world now sends one and a quarter million telegrams every day.

GIRL SLAVES IN ALASKA.

Principal of Territorial Schools Tells of Traffic.

Slavery still exists under the American flag, according to a communication made to the interior department at Washington by William A. Davis, principal of the United States public schools at Unalaska, Alaska, says the New York Times. He charges that in that territory little Aleutian girls are sold to well to do families as slaves. They are used as household drudges and are not educated nor permitted to associate with free children.

"While canvassing this village for scholars a few days since," says Mr. Davis, "I found a number of families holding Aleut children as slaves. Inquiry developed the fact that it has been the custom from time immemorial to make slaves of poor children, especially girls, and that the custom still prevails not only here, but in other portions of the country."

"A German, whose wife is a Russian creole, has a slave girl nine years old; a Russian creole, whose wife is a native, has a slave girl fourteen years old; a Scotchman, whose wife is a native, has two little slave girls about seven and eight years old respectively; a Russian priest has a slave girl twelve or thirteen years old, and others whose names I did not learn also have slaves."

"They are made to do all the drudgery and dirty work of the families, are not allowed to attend school or associate with free children, are poorly clothed and fed and are treated generally as slaves."

"I am much distressed over the condition of these silent, uncomplaining little ones," says Mr. Davis, "so helpless, sad and hungry looking, and I have been thinking that if the facts were known maybe article 13 of the amendments to the constitution of the United States could be made to reach them and save them from lives of shame and degradation."

AID FROM ROCKEFELLER.

Oil King Paid Off Mortgage on Farm of Boyhood Playmate.

John D. Rockefeller has paid off the mortgage on the little Nebraska farm of Charles Austin, a boyhood friend, whom he has not seen for many years, says a Sioux City (Ia.) dispatch.

Mr. Austin lives near Dakota City on a little place on which was a mortgage of several hundred dollars. The fruit crop by which he lived has been a failure for two years, and he was in hard straits. As a boy he was a playmate of Rockefeller, but as young men they drifted apart, and when Austin learned of the financial standing of his old friend he wrote him a letter of congratulation. Since then they have exchanged one or two letters annually.

Several years ago Mr. Rockefeller's friendship was the means of giving positions to Austin's two sons in the Standard Oil employ at Sioux City. This year Mr. Rockefeller, learning of Austin's misfortune, paid the mortgage. Mr. Austin says he knew nothing of it till notified by the recorder's office that it had been paid.

When Justice Harlan Forgot.

A Kentucky distiller who was in Louisville recently on his way home after a trip east is telling a story at the expense of Justice John M. Harlan of the supreme bench, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "While I was in Washington," he said, "I met the famous jurist at a reception. The hostess was serving the punch and rallied the justice about his failure to drink more than one glass. He replied that he felt disloyal when he drank 'his' other than straight. He took a second, however, saying that he did not have any of the genuine at that time. I sent him up a case of my best the next day. One Sunday morning I attended the Presbyterian church in Washington where Justice Harlan is an elder. The church is an old one, and long steps lead up to the entrance. I was standing on the outside after the service when Justice Harlan started down the steps. In a voice that could be heard a square he shouted to me, 'That was fine!' and then, remembering where he was, he added hastily, 'The sermon, I mean.'"

Punished For Kissing a Child.

For picking up and kissing a little boy in the street a Birmingham (England) man has been fined 40 shillings or one month's hard labor, for assault.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.



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The milk we deliver is now all from our herd of fifty cows. We give careful attention to proper feed, care and sanitary conditions. Telephone for sample.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Always restores color to gray hair, always. Makes the hair grow and stops falling hair. A splendid dressing.